

# Canadian Rose

## Blues Traveler

Autumn air it carries me there  
Less than an hour to go  
Six hundred miles an hour  
And still it feels so slow  
I'm trying to get back to Burlington  
To a square in the center of town  
To a spot on a wooden table  
Where her feet didn't reach the ground  
And when she kisses me it tasted like cinnamon  
And her skin smelled of cider and rose  
And when she looked at me we both got quiet  
And my heart beat so hard we were in so close  
Once in such a beautiful while that still makes me smile  
And she called me her ugly American  
And I would call her my Canadian flower  
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again  
We had such power  
And she would call me her ugly American  
And I'll remember my Canadian rose  
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington  
We were in so close I finally made it this town looks rearranged  
I don't know these people anymore  
But in the best ways not much else has changed  
From the way it was before  
And at least they still have that certain table  
Where I once carved a particular name  
I run my finger through the weathered carving  
And I almost can feel the same  
And my mouth it almost tastes just like cinnamon  
As I ponder what my pilgrimage means  
And I try to figure out where Vancouver is from here  
And I listen to the leaves  
If only for a beautiful while that still makes me smile  
And she called me her ugly American  
And I would call her my Canadian flower  
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again  
We had such power  
And she would call me her ugly American  
And I'll remember my Canadian rose  
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington  
We were in so close And every single hope and dream I could ever conjure up  
Passionately springs in me and all things are possible

Plausible and perfectly both of ours forever after and every day  
At least it seemed that way  
Once in such a beautiful while that still makes me smile  
And she called me her ugly American  
And I would call her my Canadian flower  
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again  
We had such power  
And she would call me her ugly American  
And I'll remember my Canadian rose  
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington  
We were in so close

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>